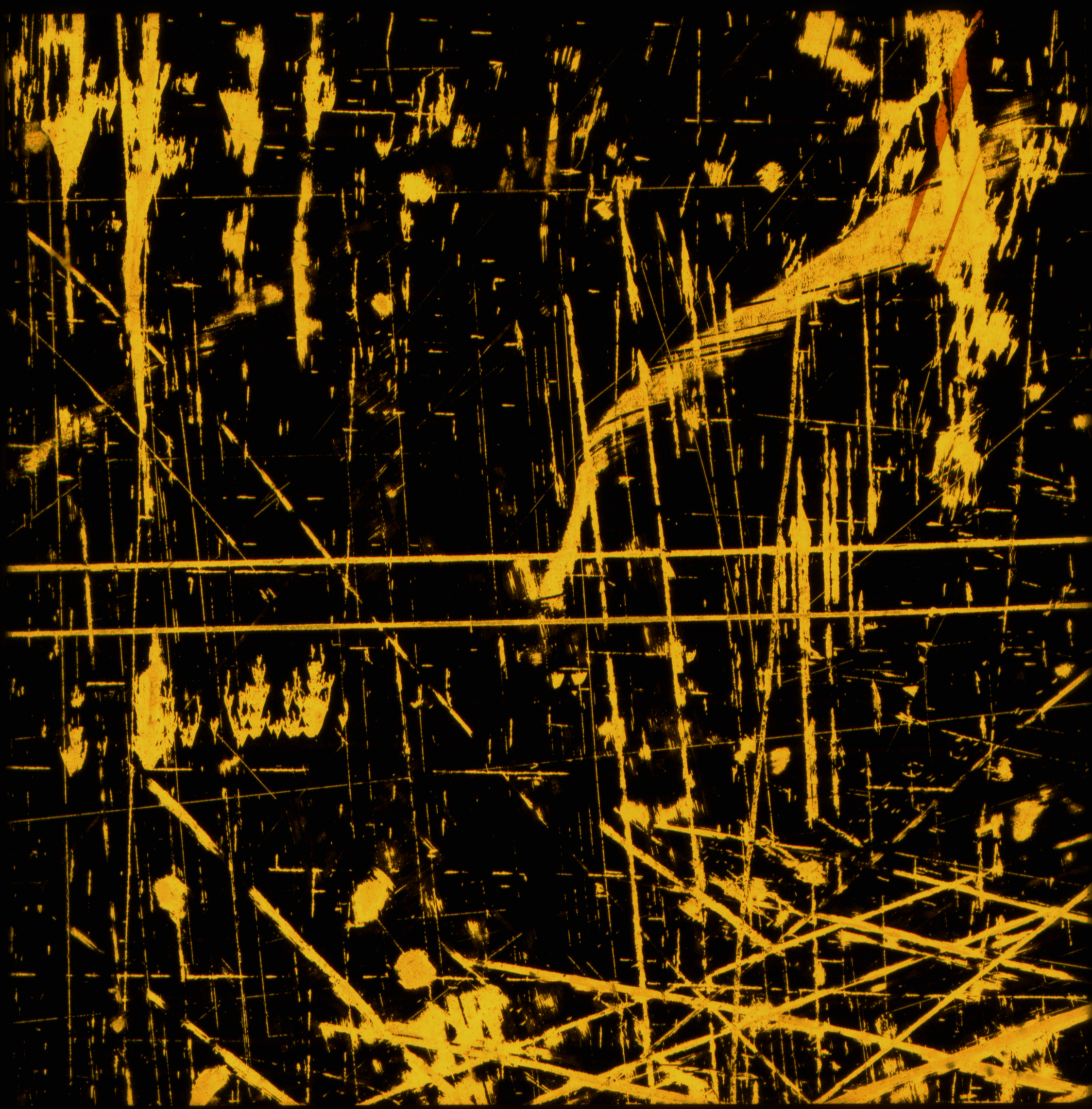
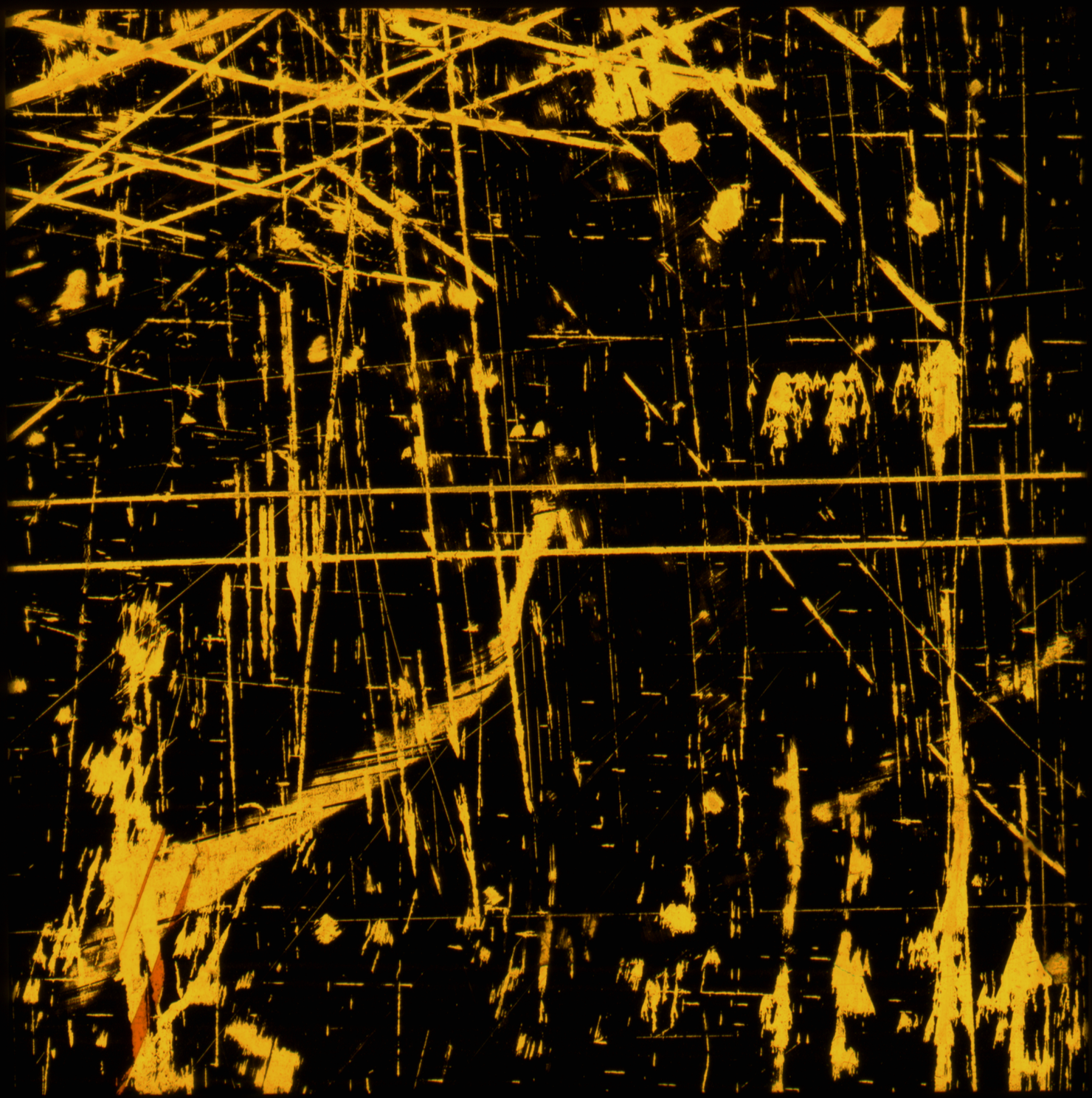




Artifact

Seen now by itself, it keeps its secrecy.

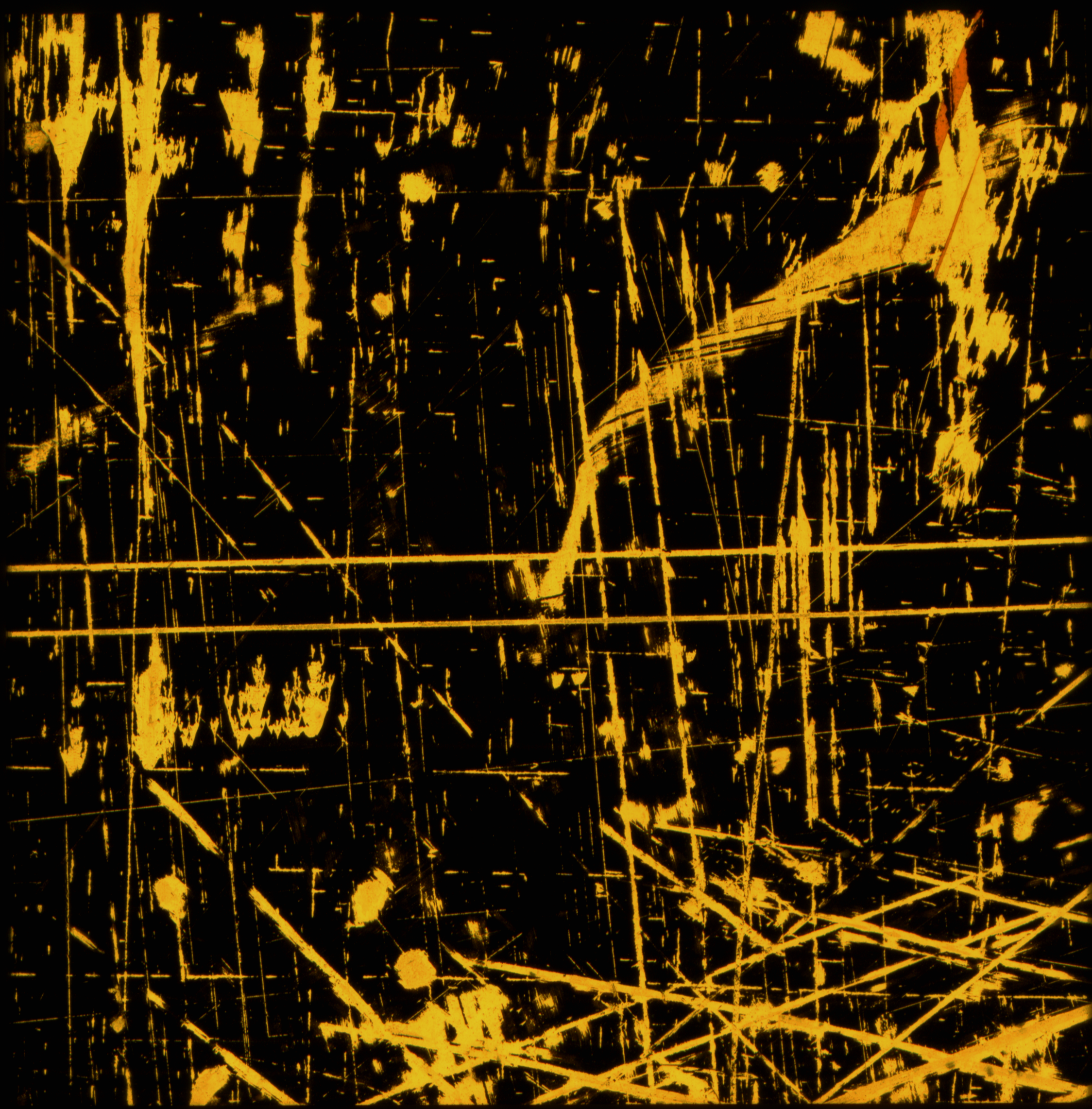
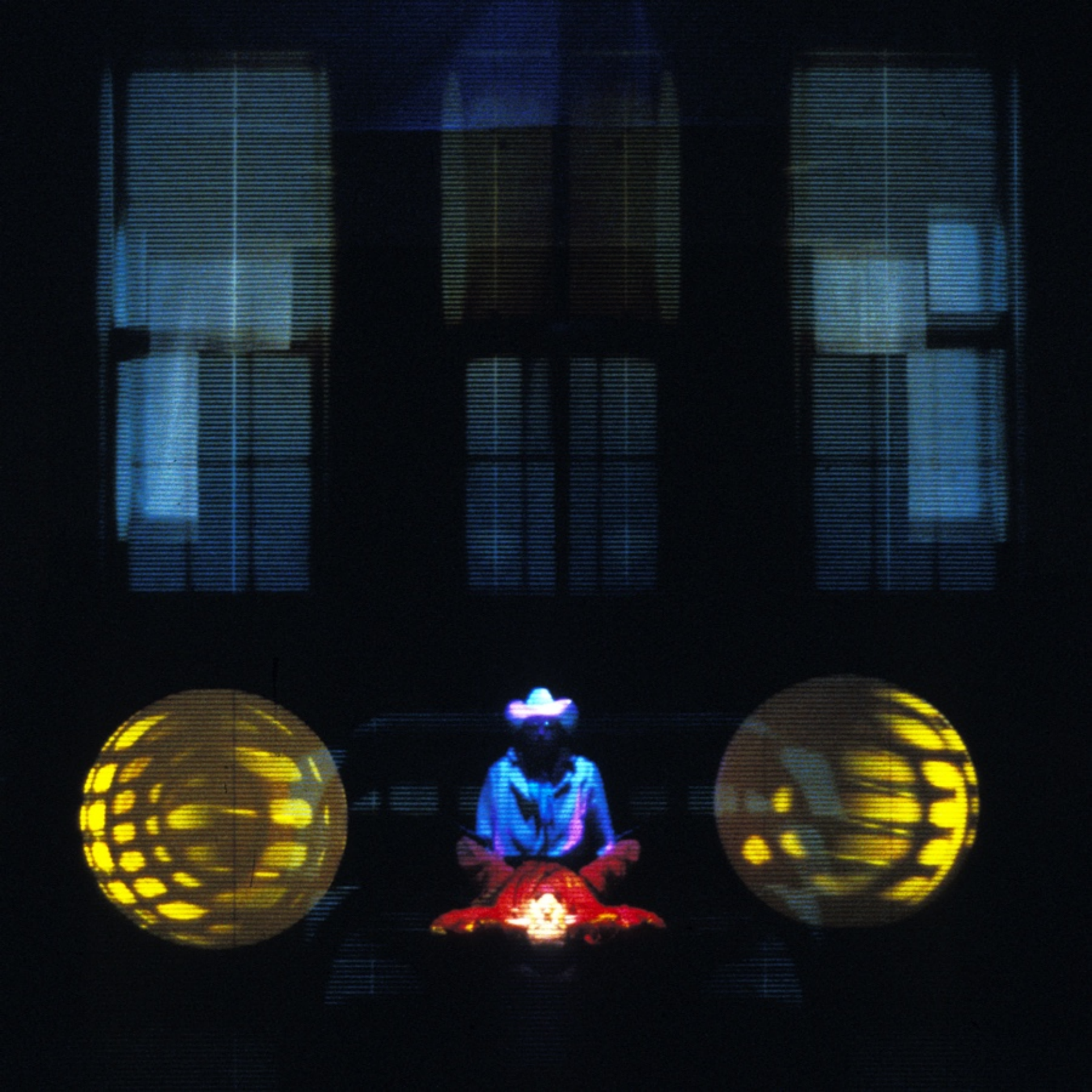
Reflections

Jeffrey Hunt
April 2 2026

This image is a relic from another time, cut from some discarded industrial skin and somehow carried forward intact. Dumpster salvage — an old sheet of acetate, perhaps from a Xerox machine, rubbed across cement. Theater transformed.

The pattern was never meant to stay flat. Projected large, the scratched and fractured marks opened and wrapped themselves around the round bodies of balloons — tension, electricity, something loose in the space, alive and shifting.

The color survived in old scraps of theatrical gel, brittle with age, still holding that strange beautiful tone somewhere between green and orange. Not amber exactly. Something harder to name. The scanner cannot really catch it.

The slide belonged to a sequence in motion. Balloons alive on stage, boomeranging back. The image did not sit still for long. It climbed the form, slid away, returned altered. Timed to music and action, it became a frenzied attack — light arriving in pulses, surfaces suddenly charged, the whole thing running just on the edge of control.

Seen now by itself, it keeps its secrecy. But it still holds the marks of what it once did.